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See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

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SHORT STORY FOR EVENING HOURS

AN OUTSIDER SOMETIMES COMES IN

"George, it's time you started for town, dear, and here's a flower for your buttonhole."

Pretty Mrs. Price selected a bright blossom from the modest little Wimbledon cottage garden patch, and regarded her husband as he stood brushing his hat.

"Why am I to be honored with a buttonhole for my coat this morning, little woman?" inquired her husband.

"Well, I am making an exception because it is Derby day."

"Good gracious, so it is! I had forgotten all about it!" exclaimed George Price. "Anyway, what horse are you backing, Rosie?" inquired her husband.

"The bright smile faded from Mrs. Price's sunny face, and a troubled expression took its place.

"Nothing would induce me to go to the races, George, and as for betting, you know my opinion about that, and I consider that one example in the family is sufficient."

"Oh, yes, of course. I had forgotten about that black sheep of a brother of yours. Never mind, dear," added George Price, as he gave his wife a kiss; "the may always have behaved like a bit of an outsider, but you make up for the one blot upon the family escutcheon over and over again, don't you?"

The good-bye was interrupted by George's father, who regarded the couple with pride.

"Anything I can do for you dad?" "Yes, my boy. Fact is, I am simply eaten up with rheumatism. I want you to pay in the bag of cash for me your luncheon hour if you will, dad. It will save my old bones an extra shilling."

"Of course, I will, dad, with pleasure; plenty of time. The bank is only round the corner from our place in Hutton Garden."

"Yes; but be careful of it, George, my boy," explained the old man. "It's a bigish sum—some forty pounds exact—and it's the entire savings of the Holiday Outing Fund. I am the treasurer, and if anything should happen to it I am responsible, and I should have to make it good."

"All right, dad, hand it over; nothing will happen to it," And Mr. Price, Jr., complacently thrust the bag of gold into an inner pocket.

"Besides, dad," added Mrs. Price, "the three of us don't possess anything like forty pounds in the world, do we?"

George Price considered himself a level-headed, sensible man. He was not good with imagination, only a good clerk living upon a hundred and fifty a year.

The unexpected happened that morning two hours after George Price had commenced to work in the office. Young Mr. Lamb, the firm's junior partner, called the clerk into his room.

"You have been working very hard lately, and a little holiday would not do you any harm. I am driving down in my cousin's dogcart to see the Derby, and I have decided to take you with me if you care to come."

"It is very good of you," stammered the flattered George. "I have never seen a Derby."

"Right you are, Price. We start at once."

If any one thing could be said to have interested George more than the sweep of the flying horses down the crest of the course, it was the ring of bookmakers immediately facing them.

These appeared to the unsophisticated George to be men of unbounded wealth, who freely gave vast sums of money to hundreds of people after every race. George noticed that one bookmaker immediately facing them, a jovial, good-looking young fellow, whose face somehow seemed strangely familiar to George, always seemed to be giving out large sums in notes and gold from the capacious depths of the big leather bag which was slung at his side. The more this individual lost the more he shouted.

"Ten-to-one bar two! Put all your money on with Dicky Dent the Dasher!" was the burden of his perpetual shout.

"A bad day for the bookmakers, Price," remarked the junior partner. At this moment Mr. Lamb was the recipient of a mysterious note, delivered by a dirty individual, who received six-pence by way of payment.

"By Jove!" whispered Mr. Lamb excitedly to George. "It's the chance of a lifetime. A friend of mine, who is trainer has just given me the tip to put all my money on Wild Duck. He declares it is considered a rank outsider, but that it is going to romp home. Nobody seems to have got a hold of it yet. He declares the favorite won't be in it with Wild Duck for the big race. Here, give me the card. What is the starting price? Phew! And Mr. Lamb gave vent to a gratified whistle. "Why, man alive, it's ten to one! It means a fortune. Stay here, Price, I am off to Tattersall's Ring. I mean to make hundreds out of this. Lucky thing I happen to have about forty pounds on me. Wild Duck is bound to come home, so I shall make four hundred." And with this highly optimistic remark Mr. Lamb disappeared.

What a wonderful opportunity, mused the now excited George. He wondered idly what young Mr. Lamb would do with so much money. George knew perfectly well what use he would make of such a sum. He would buy the freedom of the little cottage at Wimbledon for Rosie, and even after that there would be some over for the outside, when he got his yearly fortnight's holiday. Anyway, it was no use thinking of it; he had no money.

So with a mild growl of resignation George thrust his hands into his pockets, and lo! the whole thing suddenly happened!

His hand touched the little canvas bag containing the money which his

father had given him that morning, and which had remained in his pocket. For a moment the course seemed to swim before his eyes. Why should he not have an equal chance with his employer? Why should he not make a fortune?

For a few moments George feebly endeavored to fight down the mad impulses which were making him dizzy. "Back Wild Duck," he heard a man say distinctly.

That decided George. He clambered down from the dog cart and with flushed face he walked to the wooden stand of Dicky Dent the Dasher.

"I want to put forty pounds on Wild Duck!" stammered George.

The "Dasher" eyed him with outward serenity, but the pupils of his cheerful blue eyes dilated slightly.

"Where's your money?" he asked, with businesslike promptitude.

"Here!" gasped George, as he handed over the canvas bag containing the wherewithal belonging to the unconscious members of the Holiday Outing Club.

The Dasher counted the money. "I suppose it is sure to win?" inquired George in a whisper intended to be private and confidential.

"Certain to," replied the Dasher equably. "Here's your ticket."

Then a bell clanged, and a tumultuous roar arose from a million throats. "They're off!"

George scrambled back to his seat on the dogcart, and with trembling fingers searched the card for the colors worn by the jockey riding Wild Duck. Then he eagerly scanned the faint ridge of dust, which seemed to be still miles away, for purple and orange.

Had George's attention not been so absorbed he would have seen Dicky Dent the Dasher giving rapid instructions to his partner and general help.

"Put the lot on Rosie for the last race, inside ring. You understand?" Above all, where was Wild Duck? George's eyes nearly started out of his head. Not second, not third, not even in the first five. Then the cry went up: "The favorite's won!" And a cry went up also from George's very heart.

For the first time in his life George Price did not answer his wife, neither did he look in her face, but piece by piece he told her the whole story of his temptation and the day's utter calamity. She said no word, but tears were rolling down her cheeks, and sobs were being bravely stifled when an hour later she left the little Wimbledon cottage upon the dread errand of breaking the news to Mr. Price senior.

"Twice in my life," sobbed Rosie Price, "has it brought shame upon two of those I love; first my brother, and now me."

Her thoughts went no further, for at that moment she ran headlong into a good-humored looking man who was swinging along toward her.

It may have been the tear-stained face which arrested the man's attention, or perhaps a long-forgotten memory of a once familiar figure, but as he looked sharply at the girlish form he suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Rosie!"

Mrs. Price gave one look of astonishment, then she faintly said, "Fred—oh, Fred!" and burst into tears.

"Now, little sister," he said cheerily, "perhaps you will tell your black sheep of a brother, whom you haven't seen for ten years, what happens to be troubling you?"

"It's—it's my husband," sobbed Rosie.

"Has he been beating you?" exclaimed the cheerful Fred. "If so, I'll break every bone in his body!"

"No—no—no," sobbed Rosie; "he—he's been betting."

"Stilly foul!" remarked Fred emphatically. "But you—don't understand."

said Rosie. "He—he did what you did. Fred those ten years ago—he took money which didn't belong to him."

"The man had become strangely silent."

"Only," continued Rosie, "the is this difference. The money you took was what father meant to start me in life; it didn't much matter; it was not public disgrace. But George—oh, how can I tell you! He—he took forty pounds which father held in trust for the Holiday Outing Fund, and—he lost it to a man called Dicky Dent the Dasher."

The man beside her suddenly gave a loud laugh.

"By Jove, did he? Upon my soul I believe it was the fool who asked me if the horse was sure to win!"

"Asked you? Oh, Fred, were you at those dreadful races, too?"

"Rather!" answered the unabashed Fred. "Now look here, Rosie dear, I have got something to tell you, so dry your eyes and listen. Years ago, it is true, I became the black sheep of the family, and stole your money."

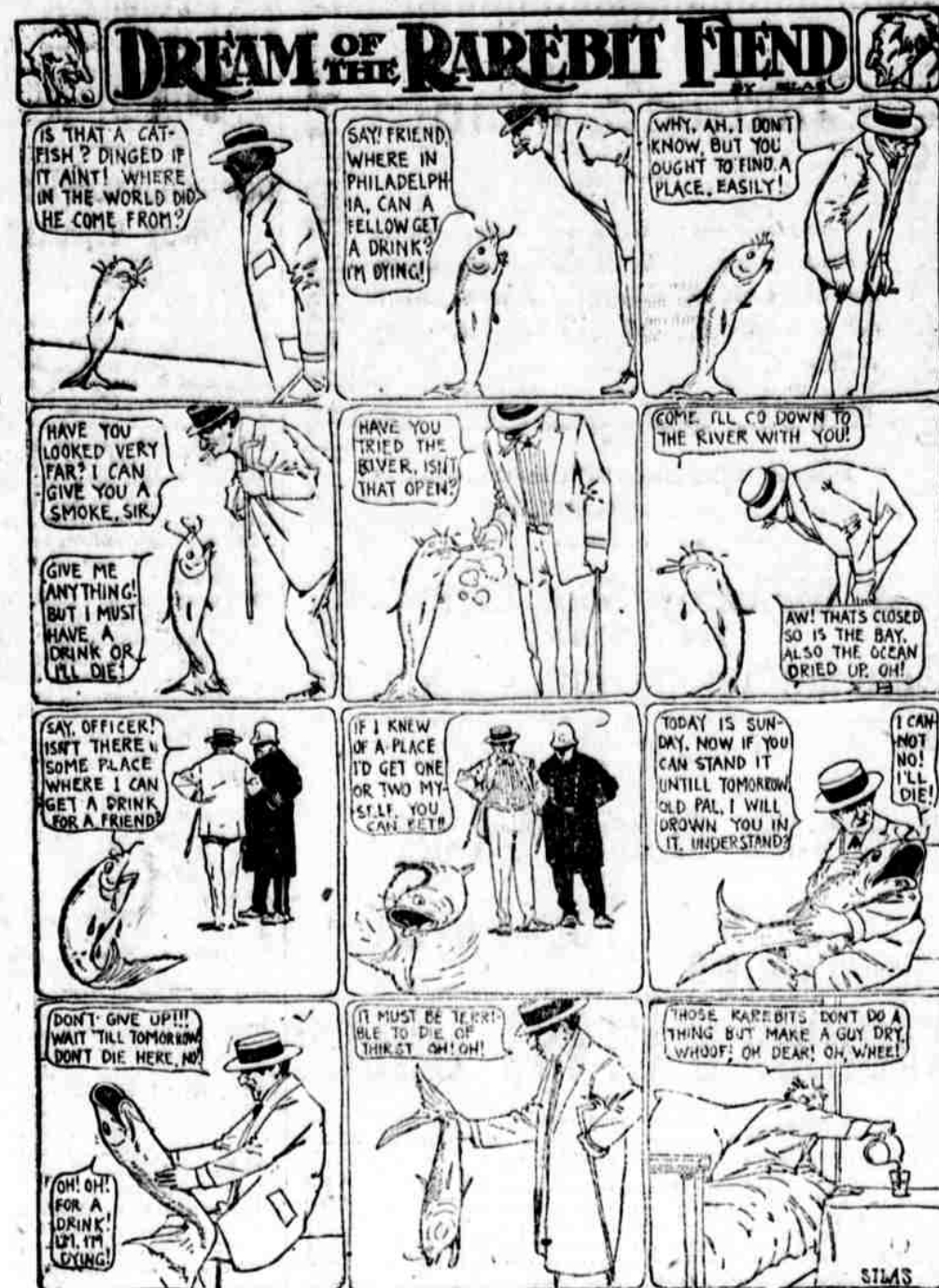
"I was the only time in my life I didn't go straight. I made up my mind from that day I would never do another dirty trick. I became a bookmaker, went straight for ten years, never made much money till today."

"Well, today I retire from the life for good. You see, my partner and I backed a horse called Rosie. I saw her trained, and then, old girl, old times came back. It was your name. Nobody thought she would win and we got top price. We have cleared four thousand pounds apiece over it, and I am thinking of taking a little shop not many miles from here, and I leave the turf for good."

Rosie, I made a bad book years ago—a bad debt, which has never been wiped off. But look here, old girl, I am going to wipe it off this very evening."

Here Dicky Dent the Dasher came out five twenty-pound notes.

"Tell your husband not to be a fool."



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